

VOLUME XIX.....NUMBER 110

11th and Carrier

The First Death of the Household.
Oh, many a mournful year hath flown
Since that sad and our family band
First came, and stole our loved ones

And bore her to the spirit-land,
 Ycathinued with many a sweet and thought
 That shov'd no's memory fingers still;
 For oft she let a void that naught
 But mournful thoughts could fill.
 Years have passed by, I said, and yet
 It only seems the other day,
 Since round her dying bed we met;
 With breaking hearts to weep and pray.

Her gentle shalve strove to think,
 Would linger yet mid earth's flowers,
 Even when 'twas trembling on the brink
 Of lover's worlds than ours.
 Yes, there, even when all hope had flown,
 We wept away each lingering hour,
 Until the shades of death came down,
 And closed at last the shutting hour.
 And yet it seemed like sin to grieve
 For one so patient and resigned;
 For if she murmured, 'twas but to leave
 Such breaking hearts behind.

She died. Yet death could scarcely chill
Her smiling beauties, tho' she lay
With cold extended limbs, for still
Her face looked warmer than the day.
Those eyes, so eloquent with bliss,
Were closed as soft summer flowers;
Oh! few could bear a sight like this—
Yet such a sight was ours.

How slowly wore that long, long day
 Like spirits on a haunted place
 We'd sit and sigh, then steal away
 To look once more on that pale face
 We could not think, nor soul had ceased
 The awful, bounds of morbid strife;
 That that warm heart was cold at last,
 That loved us more than life.

And when the funeral rite was said,
 They bore him forth, but he was not

They came not from this happy home,
And left her with the silent dead.
A pale-faced tenant of the tomb,
They reared no marble 'mid the flowers
Above her grave to mark the spot;
Yet mark her heart as fond as ours
Still holds her unforget.

Months passed, yet still our sorrow gathered
The free, glad laugh no more was heard,
And many a little voice was hushed,

That used to warble like a bird
And thine at times we strove for mile
Serenely for each other's sake,
We wept in secret all the while,
As if our hearts would break.

Yet why should death be linked with fear?
A single breath, a low, drawn sigh,
Can break the ties that bind us here,
And waft the spirit to the sky.
Such was his end. A calm release.

No clinging to this mortal clod,
She closed her eyes, and stood in peace
Before a smiling God.

LEAVING HOME.—I can conceive of no picture more interesting than one which might be drawn from a young man leaving the home of his childhood, the scene of all his early associations, to try his fortune in a distant country, or to seek alone for the forest. A father of

the decline, tho' down-hill of life, gives his parting blessing, invoking the best gifts of heaven to rest on his beloved offspring, and crown all his efforts with complete success. Tears gush from his eyes, and words forth utterance. A kind mother calling after him, he is departing from the paternal shade, and with all the dangers to which he is about to be exposed, rushing into, and pressing upon him, she says, "Go, my son—remember that thou art a knight, thy name—my son."

service is brief, language is inadequate to the expression of the feelings that there crowd on the mind of a virtuous child. Every reader has a case of this kind, and may have upon the subject of one in some respects similar. Her may be found eloquence more touching to him to whom it is delivered, than the orations of Cicero or Demosthenes.

minable sneedore of Rev. Edward Mitchell, Universalist clergyman of New York city. "He was invited to visit and preach in Northwich, Conn. He did so. The audience assembled. The choir were in the singers' seats. They attended, however, not to sing, but to show their contempt of the preacher's doctrine by refusing to assist him in the devotional part of the service. Mr. Mitchell, in due time, arose, and commenced his services by giving of

hymn. The choir was silent. Not a note would they raise. Next Mr. M. offered a chaste and fervent prayer; after which he opened his hymn book again, announced the number, and began:

"Let these refuse to sing,
Who never knew the Lord;
But children of the heavenly King
Will sound his praise abroad."

One verse was enough. It was the most elo-

CONSERVATION AND REFORM.

Heves the truth in all things has never been realized. We would mingle a wise conservatism with an earnest hope of better things. We would ask for now light, and whenever and wherever that light shone, or pointed the way, we would follow, and ask for truth, more than repose, for right, more than conformity with the past.

Mr. Webster's Will was drawn up under

his direction by Geo. J. Curtis, Esq., and signed
ed on Tuesday previous to his death. It gave
the Marshfield property to his widow during
her life time, and then transfers it to his only
child, Fleischer Webster, whose son Daniel, a
intelligent lad, of about twelve years of age,
inherits the inheritance. He left many
his personal friends marks of favor and mem-
ories of himself.

There's no greater obstacle in my way of success in life, than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going steadily to work to turn up something.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every car that parks in front of you when you pass along.

Nobody ever sees an action as very wrong, till he judges the movement of those it affects.

...the arrows, they can't
...the arrows, they can't


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